Kim Possible: Learning What's Possible

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Kim and Ron have been a couple since high school, but now it's senior year of college, and Kim's gotten a bit bored with Ron's attentive but bland sexual habits. She want's to spice it up a bit, add a bit more adventure into the bedroom. When she tells Ron what she's thinking, he takes the idea and runs with it, going a bit further than either of them expected.

Tags: sex, light BDSM, blow job, vibrator, lingerie, relationship stuff, overly ambitious ideas

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Chapter 1 - a little BDSM goes a long way **2**

Chapter 2 - Friends come with ground rules **14**

1 - a little BDSM goes a long way

Kim loved Ron, she really did, but the man had some deep seated self confidence issues. College had helped him stretch himself a bit, giving him more responsibility for himself and his life; and a late developing growth spurt had built on the muscles football had given him. But despite that, he still had a tendency to coast and not take the lead unless he had to. Which was why she'd started to push him to be a bit more dominant in the bedroom. It wasn't entirely about him, either. Kim needed excitement in her life, she needed a thrill, and maybe just a bit of danger. Ron was a fairly skilled, he just wasn't all that assertive, more focused on her pleasure than on taking what he wanted. That used to be nice, but now she wanted more than just the simple, supportive, loving routine that they'd fallen into over the years since high school. Sometimes it was nice, but some nights, when they came back from a mission, Kim still hopped up on adrenaline, she didn't want to be pampered and treated like a princess, she wanted to be fucked, to throw herself into lust and delight in debauchery. She'd tried being the dominant one, and that had been fun for a while. But it hadn't lasted. Ron was already her side kick, and they both knew it. Ultimately, it didn't do much for Kim beyond the novelty of mixing up the routine.

Briefly, she'd considered cheating. She wasn't proud of it, but she'd considered it. It had only really been close once though. Monique had invited her out for drinks, and after a couple she'd confessed what she was feeling, how she needed something new, and after a couple more, admitted to thinking about cheating. She was still fuzzy on the details, but from what Mo had said later, she got the impression she might have hit on her best friend. If she had, Mo hadn't taken her up on it, instead, she'd helped Kim back to her apartment, passed her along to Ron, and told Kim to call her when she woke up. The next morning, she'd taken Kim out to grab coffee, and they'd had a long, serious talk about what Kim actually wanted.

She didn't want a new lover, she wanted Ron to give her what she needed. And so, after a few attempts at subtly bringing it up during sex, attempts that flew way over her man's head, she'd just blurted it out. Ron's response had been hesitant, but he'd agreed to give it a try. That night had been a bit awkward, but more fun than she'd had in a long time. And he'd kept it up. Kim didn't know what he'd been doing to learn, but over the course of a few weeks, he'd gradually become more assertive and dominating, integrating dirty talk, restraints, even a few toys into his skills. It was working for her too. She'd cum more in the last month than she had in the whole rest of the year. And tonight was shaping up to be the perfect climax to the month.

He'd started the night with a gift, a box he slid across the table after dinner. She'd cocked an eyebrow at him as she pulled it closer. By its shape she guessed it was a garment box, but the black cardboard was devoid of label or identifying markers of any sort. Curious, she'd used a table knife to cut the tape and pulled the lid off. Her heart rate leapt into overdrive as she saw what he'd gotten her, and she shot him a wide-eyed look. "Ron, what is this?"

He'd come around the table while she was opening the box. The sheepish smile he'd been wearing turned into a worried frown. "You don't like it?"

With mild panic he'd tried to close the box, but she'd pulled it to her chest. "I didn't say that. I was just surprised." She'd let out out a little of the actual emotion the gift had elicited, purring. "Do you want me to put it on right now?"

She was pretty sure he'd actually gulped before replying. "Um, yeah. Why don't you go get dressed while I clean up dinner. I can't wait to see how it looks." He'd slipped into the slightly deeper voice she'd dubbed his 'dom voice' at the end. She was pretty sure he didn't realize he had the voice, but hearing it fanned the sparks the package had kindled.

Kim had brought her hand up to the strap of her dress. "Are you sure I shouldn't do it right here? Where you can watch me."

He'd blushed, actually blushed, and bent down to kiss her. She'd laughed a little as she kissed him back. Then he'd put his lips next to her ear and turned the sparks into full blown flames by whispering. "I'm sure you'll do what I tell you to do if you want me to let you cum tonight."

It was easily the most dominant thing he'd ever said without at least a blowjob to get him into the right headspace and she'd scampered up out of the chair and into their bedroom, Ron slapping her on the ass as she did. Yes, he'd set her anticipation high. And as she'd peeled out of her clothes to change into the outfit he'd bought her, she wondered if he'd be able to match it. Now she sat on their bed, shifting every few moments, trying to find just the right position to display herself. The leather of the corset was stiff, much more so than the one she'd let Ron talk her into wearing for the renaissance faire that one time. That one had been a costume piece that had pushed her modest breasts together until they resembled something like actual cleavage. This didn't bother doing that. It left space for her boobs, emphasizing their nakedness, the black leather highlighting her pale skin. There was also a strap hanging down between her cleavage that she hadn't been able to figure out. It ended in a metal clasp, and was clearly intended to connect to something, but none of the other things in the box had seemed to go with it. Eventually she'd just left it hanging.

The box had also included a garter belt, stockings, crotchless panties, and much to her excitement, leather wrist and ankle cuffs. Beneath the clothes had been a few more items, and her anticipation shot up as she found them. The first was a vibrating cock ring. She pushed the button, testing its power against her palm. It was strong, and she shut it off before it's buzzing hum could penetrate the door. There were also a few clips, fasteners and a length of thick shibari rope. The last item, and the thing that made her eyes go wide and her heart beat a little faster was a stainless steel butt plug, its end crowned by a sparkling purple stone.

That was a bit forward of him. They'd experimented with butt play, and Kim was more than confident of her ability to handle the toy, but just leaving it in the box like that was a step beyond Ron's usual level of confidence. She usually had to assure him it was ok several times before he'd fuck her ass. At this point her heart was racing, and she could feel a low heat pulsing between her legs. Ron had clearly put a lot of work into this. There was even a small bottle of lube next to the toy. So, with almost obscene excitement, she'd gotten dressed, plug and all, and waited.

She didn't have to wait long. Soon she heard a movement outside their door, and she shifted her position one more time, sitting up on the bed before being struck by a sudden inspiration and darting around to kneel in front of it. She placed her hands in her lap, doing her best to look anticipatory but not expectant. Just in time too, as the door opened and Ron stepped inside. His shirt had a few wet spots on it where he'd probably splashed himself washing dishes, and he still held a dish towel in his hand. His eyes lit up when he saw her, and his usual goofy grin took on a measure of predatory smugness. "Well, don't you look lovely."

She beamed up at him. “Thank you, sir.” The sir was something she’d introduced last time, and she wanted to see how he reacted when she used it again. To her delight, she saw his back get a little straighter.

“I have one more present for you.” He said as he let the dish towel fall to the floor. As it fell, a strip of black leather uncurled with it to hang down a few inches past his fingers. It was a collar. A simple strip of black leather, something written in silver metal along the middle. Kim’s eyes grew wide and her heart skipped a beat. That was a step even beyond the lingerie and butt plug. Ron saw her expression, and his answering smile tried to be sultry, it really did, but she saw right through it to the goofy happiness beneath it. It just made her love him more. His voice held the same note of suppressed humor as he said. “Come here.”

She did as instructed, playing up her role as she slid to her feet and took a step towards him. “No! Wait…” Ron blurted out, then scrambled to put steel back into his voice. “I want you to crawl.” Kim held back a giggle, but complied, slipping to the floor to continue forward on hands and knees. She played it up just a bit to help get him into the mood a bit fast, arching her back and wiggling her hips as she advanced. When she was close, he told her to stop, this time with a bit more confidence. She did, still on all fours, and looked up at him through a thin curtain of red hair. She really should have pulled it back into a tail or something. He held out the collar for her to see, and she finally got a good look at the lettering. “What does it say?” He asked.

“Slut.”

“And why do you think it says that?” The words came out a bit stilted, as if he was trying to recite a script, but he managed to keep his voice stern. How long had he been planning this? She wondered. It was a question for later. Right now she’d been asked a question, and her response would probably dictate just how into it he got tonight. And she had no reservations about just how deep she wanted to go tonight. The outfit, the toy, and now the collar, intentionally or not, Ron had built her anticipation up to the point she could almost feel herself dripping. This was just what she’d been wanting and she didn’t intend to ruin it by not playing her part.

So, with the most subservient tone she could contrive, she answered. “Because that’s what I am.” .

“Who’s slut are you?” This time the hesitation was almost imperceptible.

Her answer was almost immediate. “Yours. I’m your slut, Sir.”

“Yes, you are.” Ron knelt on one knee to look her in the eye. He brought his hands up, encircling her throat with the collar, and paused. “Um,” he asked quietly, “is the safeword still the same?”

She nodded and said, “Barkin.”

Ron shuddered a bit, but said, “Okay.” and buckled the collar in place.

Ron felt a thrill pass through his body as he let go of the buckle. He’d done it. He’d put a collar on Kim Possible, and she’d wanted him to. The tension he’d been holding back for the last hour shattered, letting the lust and excitement it had concealed rush into him. He’d planned this night for a few weeks, reading online articles, doing research, and watching a lot of porn. He had so many ideas that he was almost going to burst with the realization that he might actually get to enact them! He reached a hand down to grope one of KP’s tits. She made a soft sound as his skin touched hers,

shifting just a bit to press herself more firmly into his hand. He gave her a solid squeeze before letting go and instead grabbing the hanging bit of leather she hadn't been able to figure out. It's purpose came clear a second later when he hooked the clasp on the end around the small ring hanging from the collar. Then he straightened and looked at the woman at his feet.

"Alright, you say you're my slut, prove it. Suck my dick." Calling Kim a slut still felt a bit weird, but he couldn't deny that it gave him a thrill. Not quite as much of a thrill though as when she eagerly started undoing his pants, her expression eager. As soon as his belt and fly were open though, he pushed her hands away. "Just use you mouth." He ordered, testing the waters a bit. She gave him a look he couldn't quite read before slipping even closer and getting a grip on his belt with her teeth and started tugging it free. It took her a few tries, but once she got it out, his pants fell down on their own. They shared a smile at that before KP got to work on his boxers. She nuzzled up against his dick through the light fabric, making low, eager noises as she felt his hardness. Ron marveled at the sight as she gripped the waistband, worrying at it, each movement pulling his boxers a bit lower until with his dick sprang free. It bobbed a bit as it was released, and Kim got her face underneath it to let it bounce against her face, grinning. She didn't let it hang for long though before dragging her tongue along the underside. Ron groaned in response, dick stiffening even more at the touch.

"Mmm…" Kim mewed. "Your dick tastes so good."

Ron felt pride and pleasure chase each other up his back. She'd said it before, probably dozens of times, and each time it sent thrills through him. Tonight though, it did more than that. Tonight it fed into directly into his confidence, reinforcing the feeling seeing her wearing this outfit had started. That boost pushed him to be more direct than he normally would be and he said. "Then stop playing around and suck it already."

He helped her along by pushing forward, prodding her lips with his head. She obliged him, opening her mouth and taking him into her mouth. Pleasure blossomed around his dick as she sucked and licked his head. Her tongue drew swirling patterns along his skin. She didn't go any lower though, lavishing her attentions on his head. It felt fantastic, stoking his lust and pulling a hungry moan out of him. Ron ran a hand through her hair, pushing a bang out of the way so he could see her pursed lips around his shaft. The pleasure built, then plateaued, leveling out and leaving him aching for more. He growled as much, urging her to go deeper, but she didn't. She continued to work his head with light bobbing motions that never sank as low as he needed. It was just a little rebellion, something she'd done before. If Ron wanted her to go deeper, he'd have to make her. A few ideas of how came to mind, ideas inspired by weeks of experimentation and hours of porn. He reached down, tangling his fingers in her hair, and pulled her roughly away from him, forcing her to look up at him.

Putting a little iron into his voice he growled. "I said suck my dick, not make out with it. Do you need me to show you how?" Without waiting for her answer he pushed forward, shoving his dick back between her lips. She gagged at the sudden intrusion, eyes flaring. He almost pulled out then, worried he'd overstepped, but something in her expression stopped him. Kim had told him she wanted this, and he wanted to give her what she wanted. So, instead of pulling his cock out of her mouth and asking if she was ok, he pulled back his hips and thrust forward again, and again, and again, shoving himself into her throat a half dozen times before finally pulling out. His cock left a trail of drool and precum coating her lower lip. She dragged in a panting breath before raising her eyes up to meet his.

"Get it?" He asked, trying his best to sound intimidating. She nodded jerkily, his fingers in her hair limiting how much she could move her head. Her tongue still hung out of her mouth, and combined

with the saliva glistening around her chin, it gave her a lewd, hungry expression. He untangled his fingers from her copper hair. “Prove it.”

This time Kim went at him with a will. She shoved her head forward, taking his cock deep, and keeping it there. There was nothing restrained in her movements now, as she rocked her head back and forth, never letting his head leave her mouth. Using one hand to brace herself against his hip, she brought the other up to fondle his balls. Balls that were quickly getting wet as each energetic bob of her head splashed a little more drool and saliva on them. As soon as she had his whole shaft coated, she slid the fingers up, dragging them along in time with her mouth. It was such a marked departure from her restrained attitude of before, such a complete acquiescence to his desires, and the rush of power Ron felt was almost greater than pleasure of the blowjob itself. Almost. Kim was giving it her all afterall, and like most things she tried her hand at, she was damn good.

Kim didn’t hesitate, bobbing up and down on his cock faster and faster, each move accompanied by a faint slurping sound. Her fingers around him were an exquisite pressure, leaving his shaft tender for her lips. She was sending him into overdrive, lewd, hungry sounds bubbling out around his cock. Kim in the mood was a force to be reckoned with, and Ron realized he might have made a mistake. If she kept this up, he wouldn’t last that long, and blowing his first load this early in the night would be a bit anticlimactic. He needed her to slow down, also seriously did not want the pleasure to stop. A scene from some of his “research” came to mind, and he had an idea. On her next plunge, he dropped his hand to her head and held her there. He tangled his fingers in her long red hair, using it to help him keep her from coming up. Kim choked a bit, more from the disruption than anything else but she also didn’t fight him, letting him hold his cock down her throat.

“You are a hungry slut.” Ron growled. “Do you like my big dick down your throat?” Held against his crotch with said big dick in her mouth Kim couldn’t really answer, but she looked up at him and tried her best. It came out more as garbled wet sounds of agreement than actual words, but she nodded, bobbing his cock in her throat. He leered down at her, trying to keep his ‘dom’ face on. “Good. Let’s see if you can keep it where it belongs.”

With that he loosened his grip in her hair and took a small step back. The movement took Kim off guard and she slipped forward, almost falling. Her hand on his hip dropped to the floor, catching her, and the other joined it as he took another step. With one hand still in her hair Ron walked in a backwards circle, forcing Kim to follow on hands and knees in order to keep his dick in her mouth. It had already slipped out of her throat, but she did her best not to let it get any further than that.

“No more helping.” Ron said, and released her hair at the same time he took another step. “Prove how much you want it.” He increased his pace just a bit, forcing her to crawl faster. His cock slipped further from her lips. Now all she had was the head. Kim struggled to match his pace, to keep him in her mouth. She almost made it. Almost. But just as his last step brought his ass into contact with the foot of the bed, his dick slipped from her pursed lips.

Ron tisked, shaking his head, acting as though he hadn’t been trying to make exactly that happen. “So close, KP. I thought you could do anything.” She scrambled forward, trying to take him back in her mouth, but he shot a hand out and pushed her away. “I said I’d have to punish you if you let it out, Kim.”

She whined a little, and tried to push forward again, hands coming up off the floor to brace on his legs. “I’m sorry. Let me try again.” She tried to slip him into her mouth again, only to be jerked up short by a tug on the leash. Kim fell back, gagging a little and eyes wide. Ron pushed down the reflex

desire to ask if she was okay - she knew the safeword. She'd use it if she needed it. So, instead of asking if Kim was alright, he raised his hand again and growled. "I said no, slut. Understand?"

The return to the impersonal term and chastisement were enough to get Kim to behave. She whined a little more, hips rolling, and bit her lower lip, but didn't make another move towards his cock. He gave her another moment, then lowered his hand. "Alright. But just to be sure, give me your hand."

Kim complied, offering both hands out to him with a twinkle in the back of her eyes, and just the hint of a grin around the corner of her lips. He considered making something of that glint, but didn't, she'd been the one to start this afterall - well, originally. If she was having more fun being bratty, he'd just roll with it. Moving quickly, Ron grabbed her wrist, stepped to the corner of the bed, and attached the cuff to a rope he'd hidden under the mattress. Another moment and another step had her other wrist attached in a similar fashion, and Ron stepped back to admire his handiwork.

Kim knelt with her back to the bed, arms stretched out to either side. As he watched, she tested the nylon straps he'd used, tugging at them in an attempt to escape that had become second nature to her after years of heroism. It had been a bit of an issue the first few times they'd tried something, but now they both just rolled with it. After a few moments of struggling she settled down and looked at him, leaning forward a bit so her tits hung free from her chest and asked. "What's next, sir?"

"This." He produced a magic wand. "You're going to sit there while I get undressed, and you're going to do it on top of this." Ron slid the personal massager between Kim's legs, positioning carefully so it only lightly touched her pussy and clit. "And you aren't going to cum until I say you can. Got it?"

Kim nodded, and he flicked the toy on. An insistent buzzing filled the room, and Kim drew in a sudden breath. He'd set it on low, and positioned the way it was, it was more like the suggestion of sensation than the full pulsing pleasure it usually delivered. Once he was sure it was where he wanted, Ron withdrew a few steps and surveyed her again. Kim's eyes were wide, and he could see the effort it took for her not to sink down onto the toy. It was one of her favorites afterall. Even on its lowest setting, the aggressive power of its motor could make her cum in no time. She knelt atop it, and didn't dare slip down, not if she was going to do what he'd said, and Ron could see the strain on her face. Good.

He took his time getting undressed. The shirt went first, each arm pulled in one at a time, then lifted over the head. He took the time to drape it over a chair before moving on to the pants. Those weren't nearly as hard, just simply stepping out of the puddle of clothes at his feet, but he also folded them. Next were the shoes, and finally his boxers, which he removed with a bit more speed than he really needed to. Kim was struggling, hips dipping for a few seconds before she caught herself and pulled back up. Her eyes pleaded with him to let her do it, to let her drop down fully and lose herself on the toy. He walked back to her, stopping with his erection pointed at her face just outside of the range of her mouth. "Do you want it, slut?"

"Yes." She moaned, straining against the bindings.

"Yes, what?" He asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Alright." Ron grinned, "you did behave yourself. You can do it."

Kim stopped struggling, and with a grateful sigh slid down to let the massager press fully against her. The sigh became a moan as the pleasure she'd been denied flooded up from between her legs, boiling through her to burst from her lips in a low sound of animal pleasure that was almost immediately cut off as Ron shoved his cock into her open mouth. Kim spluttered, choking and gagging as he pushed himself into her throat. His hands locked in her hair, holding her on him, dominating her breath with his cock for almost three full seconds before pulling back out and letting her breath. Her ragged gaps were interrupted by climax though, as the shivering, buzzing toy between her thighs pushed her over the edge. It had been too much, Ron's gift, the build up as she'd got dressed, the collar, the dirty names, the way he fucked her face then and now, and the toy, all of it pressing buttons in Kim she'd only begun to explore and her gasping attempts to pull in a breath were shattered by moans and little breathless cries as her body rocked.

"God you're such a slut. All it took was touching that toy and tasting my dick to get you off." Ron said, using his hand in her hair to make her look up at him. Her eyes were huge and a bit fuzzy as she fought to regain control of herself. He patted her cheek with his cock, leaving a streak of saliva behind. "Well that's okay, Kim, we can both enjoy ourselves. Keep riding that toy, your slutty moans feel good."

With that he pushed himself back between her lips. She did indeed moan around him. They were raw, desperate sounds as the vibrator ravaged her clit at the same time her boyfriend fucked her throat. He wasn't gentle about it, shoving himself deep and pulling her hair a bit as he kept her head steady for him. Her breath was dragged in around cock and through spit, and soon she was a mess of saliva and precum. Kim rolled her body, shifting around on the toy, writhing in pleasure but unable to affect what was happening to her. She was Ron's fuck toy, and that thought was driving her wild. It was rough, messy, with just a hint of danger, and just what she'd been wanting. As another climax started to build, Kim gave herself to it and let go of everything but feeling.

Ron thrust deeper, held her down longer, loving the way her throat constricted around his dick, and realized he was about to cum. He didn't fight it this time, didn't try to delay it. He'd earned this, and as the pressure built towards release he gave her throat one more long thrust before pulling out entirely and moaning. "Here it comes, open your mouth."

She did, going so far as to stick her tongue out. He could have cum in her mouth, but making her open up for him, seeing her eagerly waiting for his cum pushed buttons he'd never known he had before she suggested this. He held his cock a few inches from her mouth and stroked himself to completion. The first shot missed, painting a gooey streak along her cheek. He adjusted in time for the next one to between her lips. His pumping hand sent more out, getting it on her lips and chin as much as in her mouth, but that was okay. She moaned and mewed as he came, her eyes on his, tongue still hanging out. The last spurt fell a little short, arcing down to splash on her chest.

"Swallow it." He instructed. Kim made a show of tilting her head back, drawing her tongue back into her mouth slowly before closing her lips. When she opened them again, her mouth was empty. Ron released her hair, drawing his finger along her cheek, collecting as much of the first shot as he could and presented it to her. "Very good. Now the rest."

Obediently she sucked his finger clean, swirling her tongue around the digit. She was still riding the toy as she did, and when she released his finger it came out with a gasping moan. The sound sent a thrill through him, and he offered her the hand he'd jerked of with. One by one she licked his fingers clean. Her breath came faster with each one, and the thrill grew steadily until finally he pushed his

cock forward. She sucked it into her mouth with almost obscene enthusiasm. Ron stifled a gasp. He was still more sensitive than he'd, and the touch of her tongue sent lightning rippling up through him. And through his dick. He started to stiffen in her mouth.

Kim felt it, and she pushed forward a little, tracing her tongue up and down his shaft, coaxing him back to hardness. The wand was incesent between her legs, its buzzing a constant source of mounting pleasure that already threatened to overwhelm her again, but she wanted more. Toys were great, and the vibrations felt incredible, but they weren't dick. They didn't fill her the way he could and now, more than anything else, she wanted to be stuffed and fucked. So she sucked, using every trick she knew to get his cock back to hardness, even riding out another climax as she worked to get Ron ready for round two. The orgasm roiled through her, rocking her body; pushing an extended cry out around the cock in her mouth. For a moment in its wake she slumped against the restraints, body spent, then she caught herself. She straightened, and her eyes returned to Ron's. The orgasm had done nothing to sate her need though. On the contrary, it had pushed her further down the rabbit hole. She needed more, needed something beyond the steady stimulation. She needed to be fucked. Ron's cock was hard now, it's head poking the back of her mouth; so she pulled off it, adopted the sluttiest expression she could manage and asked. "Would sir like to fuck me?"

Ron's eyes lit up and he opened his mouth to say something, then shut it. His expression cooled back to the affected mask of relaxed control, and he sneered. "You'd like that, wouldn't you, you slut?"

She nodded, keeping her eyes wide and pleading. "Yes, sir. I want your big dick in my tight little pussy."

"Is sucking my dick not good enough for you?" He asked, cupping a hand against her cheek.

"No. I'm a dirty slut. I need you to fuck me. I need that big strong dick pounding my fuck hole." She kissed his wrist between sentences, hungry, imploring kisses.

He pretending to think about it. His hand on her cheek dropped down to her shoulder, and he casually pushed her down harder against the magic wand. Kim gasped, then moaned at the intensified vibrations. Her eyes rolled back a bit and her body shuddered. He held her there for a few moments, smiling down at her and tapping his lip thoughtfully with his free hand. "You want my cock?"

"Yes!" It came out more as a gasp than a word.

"And what will you do if I give it to you?"

"Anything. I'll do anything you want!"

"Well that's something." He leered. "Kim Possible, the girl who can do anything..." He stopped, then corrected his word choice. "No. Kim Possible, the girl who WILL do anything, begging for my cock. Alright slut, I'll give you what you want." He took his hand off her shoulder and stepped over the restraints, releasing her wrists. "Get on the bed."

Ron watched Kim scramble up off her knees and onto the bed with unseemly haste. The wand continued to buzz and rattle on the floor, glistening a bit with her cum. He stooped to turn it off, as well as to retrieve a few things from the gift box, before following her up onto the bed.

“Hands and knees.” He ordered, and she complied instantly, presenting her ass to him. He still marveled at that. At how readily she listened to his commands. He’d never wanted to control Kim before. He didn’t even want to control her now. But still, seeing her comply with his orders, seeing her scramble to do what he said, it was a thrill. And he’d be lying if he said the only reason he enjoyed it was because he knew she enjoyed it. Ron was never going to be anybody’s definition of an alpha male, or even a dominating personality. But she made him feel like he was. Made him feel powerful, and in charge. And he let more of those feelings crowd his mind as he laid commanded. “Show me your pussy, I wanna see how much you want me.”

It was a test of how well she listened, and he wasn’t sure if she’d do it. But in a moment Kim’s hand slid up between her legs. Using two fingers, she spread her labia, showing him the wet, gooey mess her excitement, and a pair of orgasms, had created. He ran a finger through that mess, drawing it down from her opening to her clit, revealing at how wet she was. She shivered and whined at his touch, the sound needy and depraved. Still stroking her pussy with two fingers, he used the other to he slipped something around his dick. Then he lined himself up, pressing his head against her exposed entrance. “You’ll do whatever I say if I give you this, right?”

“Uh-huh.” She said, wiggling her hips.

“Say it.”

“I’ll do what anything you say, sir. Please let me have your dick.” Kim said, breathy with anticipation and need.

“Good.” He drove forward, pushing deep into her wet pussy. She let out a sharp breath as he entered her, the sound somewhere between a gasp and a moan. He grinned, then stopped, still barely inside her. “You wanted it, you can do the work.” He leaned back against the footboard. “Fuck yourself on my cock, slut.”

She started to move, pushing back against him eagerly until a slap on her ass brought her up cold. “Slowly.” He instructed. “I want you to go slowly. I’m not in any rush.”

She started again, this time going slowly, and Ron settled in to enjoy himself. Her pussy felt amazing on his cock, and even so soon after coming, if he’d let her go to town, he’d be done in no time. This way he felt every inch of her, the tight, wet heat moving steadily along his shaft as she rocked back and forth. He ran an admiring hand over her ass, the skin smooth and strong under his fingers. Years of crime fighting, cheerleading and gymnastics have given Kim a tight, toned body that drove him crazy even in sweats and a t-shirt. Now, exposed and displayed in black leather, she was a vision. His thumb brushed over the purple gem of the butt plug, and Kim made a soft sound of pleasure.

“Mmm.” She purred, sliding along his shaft. “Does master want to fuck my naughtly asshole?” Ron froze, hand stopping it’s idle groping. Master. She’d called him master. That was new. Kim stopped rocking, looking back over her shoulder at him, expression faintly quizzical. “Ron, is everything ---”

He brought his hand down hard on her ass, the slap echoing around the room and making Kim yelp and growled. “I didn’t say you could stop.”

She started moving again, and her expression slipped back into sultry obedieance. “I’m sorry, master.”

This time he didn’t freeze, but she still felt him tense up for a second. So, it really had been that word he’d reacted to. She’d have to remember that. Kim picked up the pace incrementally, trying to build towards the speeds she craved. And was rewarded with another stinging slap across her other ass cheek. Then Ron’s weight was on her, his body pressing her down into the sheets, and his hand tangled in the base of her hair. “I thought I told you to go slowly.” His mouth was right behind her ear, the words almost snarled, and the intensity sent a shiver through her. He must have really liked that word. Time to test it a bit.

“But I want more.” She pouted, struggling against his overbearing weight, trying to push further back on his cock. “I need to be fucked, sir. I need your big dick to fuck me.”

“You need,” He growled into her ear, “to learn to behave yourself.” Her questing hips were suddenly met by his own as he slammed himself into her, driving his cock all the way to the hilt, and Kim let out a sudden gasp. And another as he drew back and did it again, crashing into her and driving her into the mattress. This time, the thrust was accompanied by the stinging strike of his hand against her ass cheek, and she cried out, the sound muffled by the bedding in her face. He fucked her like that for another half dozen strokes, each one hard and fast, then he pulled back, taking his weight off of her and letting her push herself up off the mattress. He didn’t stop fucking her though, just leaning back and using his grip in her hair to make her come with him, arching her back as he drove into her. It was raw, aggressive fucking, the kind she craved, and she began to loose herself in the pleasure. His cock was pounding her towards another climax, maybe the biggest she’d ever had, and she craved its arrival. She was desperate for it.

Then suddenly, it stopped. The next pounding thrust she’d braced for didn’t come, and she was left shaking and off balance, pussy aching for more but now totally unfilled. She whined, desperate, wordless sounds spilling from her lips. She could still feel him back there, and his hand was still in her hair, but his cock wasn’t in her pussy.

“Is that what you wanted?” He asked, voice deep and a little husky.

“Yes.” She said, the word almost exploding from her in her haste to get it out there. “That was amazing. You are amazing.”

“And you’re a cock hungry little whore.” The harsh words bit into her, each one sending it’s own spike of shameful pleasure through her.

“I am.” She gasped. “I am a whore. I’m you’re slutty, cock hungry whore who wants you’re big dick so badly.”

There was a soft click behind her, followed by a quiet buzzing. “In that case.” His voice was even huskier. “Prove it.” Something clattered to the bed next to her head. She looked. It was a cellphone. Her cellphone. In a surge of movement, Ron’s cock pushed all the way back into her at once, and he bore her back down onto the bed. There was something different about his cock this time though, something she couldn’t put her finger on until his balls slapped against her clit, trapping the buzzing head a vibrating cock ring directly between them. Pleasure, sudden and immediate washed through her, stealing her breath and making her mind go blank for a moment. Then his mouth was right next to her ear again, and his growled instructions sent a thrill of roiling, confused emotions crashing through her that eclipsed anything the toy had done.

“Pick up that phone, and call Monique.”

“Monique?” She stammered, mind reeling. What was he..?

“Call her on speaker.” Ron said, voice rough. “Tell her you’re fucking me, and can’t handle my dick all on your own. Ask her to come over and help you with it. Do that, and I’ll give you what you want.”

For a moment Kim had no words. He couldn’t be serious. She’d wanted him to be domineering, sure, but- Her hand snatched up the phone, fingers finding Monique’s speed dial without conscious thought. Suddenly the phone was ringing, the speaker phone seemingly extraordinarily loud. It rang twice, three times. Maybe she won’t pick up, it was pretty late, maybe it would just go to voicemail and-

“Hey Kim!” Monique’s voice sounded a bit shrill and tinny through the speaker, but it was definitely her. “What’s up, girl?”

“Oh… you know…” Kim demured, totally at a loss for what to say. Then Ron shifted, pushing himself a bit deeper, and pressing the vibrator more firmly against her clit, and she blurted it out. “I’m fucking Ron, and his dick is so big and so good and I can’t handle it on my own. I need your help.”

The silence on the other end of the phone dragged out for what felt like an eternity. Both of them were still, hardly daring to breathe. Then Monique’s tinny voice said. “I’ll be there in thirty minutes.”

The phone went dead, and Kim was left looking at the blank screen. She didn’t have long to consider it though, because with an explosive exhalation, Ron pulled back before thrusting into her again. Pleasure shot through her, and she bucked back against him, body no longer bothering to wait for her brain. Her hips rolled, greeting Ron’s next thrust, and the next, trying to urge him deeper.

“Good girl.” He cooed, pumping his hips in steady strokes. “You’re such an obedient slut. You’ve earned this.” His pace increased, each thrust coming faster and harder. His hips slapped hers, making her ass bounce and driving cascading moans from her lips. Kim gave herself to it, letting go of her surprise at what she’d just done. He grabbed her hips, pulling her towards him with each thrust. His gasping moans were intermixed with growls and snarls that lit fires in her blood, and she thrust back against him, losing some of her timidity in the burning lust. His cock just felt so good, the strength in his thrusts pounding pleasure crashing through her.

“Yes!” She moaned, voice cracking a bit. “It’s so good. That big cock is so good in my pussy. Fuck me! Fuck your obedient little whore!”

“God, Kim.” Ron groaned, voice straining as he reached his peak speed. “You’re so fucking hot! I can’t believe you…” He caught himself slipping out of his person before he fully lost it, but had to scramble to pull it back into place. She just felt so damn good, and was so fucking into this that he couldn’t help himself. Each thrust drove white hot pleasure searing up from his cock, burning through him and pushing everything but her from his mind. Hearing her make the call had been like pouring gas on a fire and he was certain he wouldn’t last much longer. But he was determined to give Kim everything he had before he came, thrusting away with every ounce of strength and holding off his climax as long as he could.

His efforts were rewarded when she suddenly bucked under him, her whole body convulsing. A protracted moan shattered the stream of babbling submissive dirty talk she’d been lost in as he

fucked her. Her pussy clamped down on him, and suddenly he was cumming too. He thrust himself as deep as he could. He felt each spurt as a gush of heat and his body too was shaking now. Grunting he pulled her to him, holding her as he filled her pussy. He heard her feel him cum, a second sharp, intensely satisfied groan meeting his own animal sounds and she arched her back to press herself more fully against him. For several moments they stayed like that, bodies pressed together, his cock deep inside her. Then by degrees they started to separate, sagging down until Ron rolled to the side and off of her.

They lay on the bed, both of them panting, and Ron pulled Kim over to him. “Kim, you’re amazing. That was incredible.”

“You!” She said, snuggling up against him a little harder. “You were so in charge.” She nipped at his neck. “I loved it.”

He twirled a finger in her hair and kissed her gently. “You said that’s what you wanted. So, you know…”

“It was great.” She assured him, still glowing from the climax.

“Oh, good.” He kissed her head again, still pulling himself together a bit. He was stunned she’d actually made the call, even more stunned than he was that he’d told her to. It had been her calling him master that had done it. It had knocked down his last bit of self restraint, pushed him into something he’d never actually planned on doing. The phone call had been something he’d seen in the video and thought was hot. He’d never actually thought he’d use it, much less that she’d do it. Now that he had and she had…

“Wait…” He said, propping himself up on one shoulder to look at Kim. “Did Mo say she’d be here in half an hour?”

The realization of just what they’d done hit them both like a truck, and they scrambled up out of bed to try to get ready.

2 - Friends come with ground rules

Kim disappeared into the bathroom for a bit, doing her best to clean herself off without actually taking a shower. She was a mess, both her own cum and Ron's plastered to her. Part of her, the part that had snatched up the phone and given in to Ron's crazy idea, that part whispered that she should just leave it there. Let Monique see. Who cared? That cum was a badge of honor, proof her man had taken them both places she hadn't known either of them had known they could go. It was a tempting idea, but in the end she couldn't bring herself to do it. Whatever she'd just done, and whatever was about to happen next, she couldn't welcome Monique into their home with cum drying on her face or crotch, she just couldn't. So, she cleaned off, and took the opportunity to get herself a little more under control. When she stepped out of the bathroom, her breathing had settled and her nerves were once more fully under her control.

"Ron," she started, finding him waiting nervously in the living room for her, still naked and wringing his hands together, "we should-"

"I can tell her to go home." He blurted, cutting her off. "It was dumb idea, KP. I can tell her I made you do it. I don't… I mean…" All the assertive control and dominance he'd displayed before was gone, and she found she missed it more than she'd expected to. At the same time, panicked Ron had a unique charm of its own. He looked at her and she actually watched him take a breath to steady himself. "If you don't want this, I'll send her home."

She'd thought a lot about this while she was cleaning herself off. "Is this something you want?"
Panic. Pure, undiluted panic filled his eyes. "Um… I mean… Mo's pretty hot. Which isn't to say she's hotter than you! Not at all! You're way hotter! And sexier! Hotter and sexier! Way hotter and sexier! And smarter! And-"
"Ron!" He stopped. She took his hand. "Do you want to have a threesome with Monique? It's a yes or no question."

She could hardly believe she'd gotten that out as calmly as she had. He nodded, apparently not trusting his voice. "Okay. I think," her voice did quaver there, "I think I do too." His eyes lit up and she held up a hand before he could interrupt her. "I have a condition."

Swallowing, he nodded again. "Whatever you need, KP."

She took his face in both hands, "I need you to be the person you were back there again." She shivered thinking about it. "You pushed me way past what I thought I could do and I need you to do it again if this is gonna work. Can you do that?"

His brow furrowed, and she realized he was actually, genuinely considering the question. "Ron? It's important. I need to know if you -"

His finger caught in the ring of the collar she still wore and he tugged her towards him. "You need to know if I can do this?" His voice wasn't shaking anymore. "Slutty Kimmie needs me to keep her in her place so she can play?"

The change sent a thrill down her spine and her knees went a little weak. T-that was… wow. She

nodded, voice failing. He leaned closer, breath hot on her ear. “If that’s what you need, that’s what you’ll get.” For a moment the hardness faded. “Anything for you, KP.”

“Oh.” She breathed, “good.”
She kissed him.

Ten minutes later, almost exactly half an hour after the call, a knock sounded at the front door. Like they’d agreed, Kim was the one to answer it, pulling it wide so Monique could get a good look at her outfit. Knowing she was coming, and at Ron’s suggestion no less, she’d taken a few minutes to apply a little makeup to compliment the look, and now she stood, letting Monique take it in.

Her friend whistled, eyes roaming over the underbust corset, the slut collar and the crotchless panties. “Damn girl, you don’t play around do you.”

“Thanks.” Kim blushed a little. “Ron bought it for me.”

Monique lifted an eyebrow. “Ron got this?”

“Mhmmm. He’s very generous.”

“I’ll say. Do you know how much that corset costs?”

Trust Monique to fixate on the outfit. “No? Is it a lot?

“Let’s just say he didn’t get it at Smarty Mart.”

Oh. Damn, she hadn’t thought about that. Before she could follow the question up though, something caught her eye. “Monique, what are you trying to hide back there?”

It was her friend’s turn to blush, and she brought her hand out from behind her back, revealing the commemorative Upperton-U mini bat she’d won last year at homecoming. “Okay look, you called me up out of blue in the middle of the night and begged me to come over and fuck your boyfriend.”

“So you brought a weapon?” Kim couldn’t keep the incredulity out of her voice.

“You’re you.” Monique shrugged. “Either something freaky is up. Or something Freaky is up. Either way,” she held up the black sports bag in her other hand, “I’m coming prepared.”

“I see.” Kim’s blush got deeper. “I guess that makes sense.”

“Damn right it does.” Mo looked around. “So you gonna invite me in or do you enjoy giving your neighbors something to look at?”

“Oh! Right.” Kim stepped aside. “Please come inside.”

“That’s what she said.” Mo snickered and stepped into the house.

Kim closed the door and followed her into the living room. Ron was waiting for them. Monqiue looked him up and down, taking in his naked chest and the sweats he’d thrown on. “What? No fancy outfit

for you? I thought you were hoping to get laid."
"I-" Ron started.

Monique laughed. "Relax. INBD"

He blinked. "IND-?"

"It's no big deal."

Ron's grin was more than a little relieved. "Oh. Good. Um, Mo, why are you holding a baseball bat?"

"In case you two are under mind control, or evil, or something?" She looked back and forth between them as Kim crossed to stand beside Ron. "You aren't, right?"

"Right. It's just us. Promise."

"Good." Monique dropped her bag and tossed the bat on the couch. "If we're doing this, I don't wanna find out later you two don't remember or something equally bullshit." Her hand went to the neck of the trench coat she wore. "Because trust me, you're gonna wanna remember this."

The snap of the separating buttons was loud in the anticipatory quiet that followed her words. She opened each deliberately, drawing out the reveal before flinging the coat wide all at once. They both gasped. Kim might not have known how much the corset she wore cost, but she knew exactly how much the outfit Monique wore did. She'd salviated over it enough times. The matching black and red garter and bra were straight out of the Club Banana "After Dark" collection, imported from France and elegantly understated. They fit Mo like they were made for her. Stockings stretched up out of heels just high enough to give her legs definition without impeding her ability to walk, and the simple black g-string she had on beneath the garter left almost nothing to the imagination. Much as Kim had done in the door, Monique gave them a few moments to take it in, hips slightly cocked, and a smirk on her lips.

"Wow." Kim hadn't spent a lot of time thinking about how hot her friend was, but just at this moment she couldn't think about anything else. "You look incredible."

"Girl, I know it. Now, you wanna keep looking or should we go over the ground rules?"

"Ground rules?" Ron was still recovering from the impact of that outfit. "What ground rules?"

"You didn't think you'd just call me up and I run over here to let me fuck you however you wanted did you?"

"Um, kinda?"

"NOYL! You want all this," she gestured to herself, "you play by my rules."

"And those are?" Kim asked.

Monique held up her hand, ticking off points on her fingers as she went. "First, any one of us can end this at any time, for any reason. Somebody says stop, we stop. Period. You can't get on board with that, this is ending right here."

“Of course.” Kim answered before Ron could.

“Good. Second,” she gestured at them both, “whatever bdsm thing you’ve got going is between you.” She looked directly at Ron. “You try to make me do something I don’t wanna do or boss me around, and I’m gone.”

“Can he still boss me around?” Kim asked before Ron could agree. She wanted to be clear on that point.

Monique smiled. “I ain’t gonna stop him.” She paused for a moment then asked. “Can I boss you around?”
The question sent a little flush of heat through her. Heat that wasn’t restricted to her cheeks. It also gave her an idea. “I don’t know.” She looked up at Ron, “Can she, sir?”

She’d expected the question to catch him off guard, and she caught the flickers of surprise in the way his eyes widened for a moment, but then he smiled. “Only if she earns it. Make Kim cum, and you can boss her around too.”

Monique watched the exchange with interest, smirking at his condition. “I think I can make that happen. Next,” she held up her third finger, “safety. I’m on the pill. Kim?”

“Implant.” Kim supplied. “And we’re both clean.”

“Okay.” Monqiue considered for a moment. “We won’t need condoms then. Not unless we’re doing anal?” She raised her eyebrows inquisitively.

Kim started to answer, but Ron’s hand landed on her hip. “Show her.”

Oh! That was right. Turning around, Kim thrust her hips out a little so Monique could see the plug still inside her. Doing it sent another flush of heat through her, and she bit her lip.

“Dang, Kim.” There was nothing artificial about Monique’s appreciation. “Guess that answers that. Fourth, too probably. You two down with toys?”

“We’ve got a few options.” Kim hedged, feeling oddly self conscious about showing Monique just how extensive her collection really was. Which was ridiculous, considering what they were planning on doing.

“So do I.” Monique kicked the bag beside her and raised her last finger. “Fifth, what goes around comes around. You ask me to do something, you better be willing to do it yourselves. Everything sound good?”

“You’ve done this before.” It was part observation, part accusation.

“Once or twice.” Monique admitted without a shred of embarrassment.

“And you never told me!” Kim forgot her subservient persona for a moment, mingled shock and offended friendship making her voice crack.

Monique just raised an eyebrow. “Like you told me about all this?”
“I told you about some of it!”

“Girl, you told me you were thinking about asking Ron to be a bit more dominant, not,” she gestured to what Kim was wearing, “going all Fifty Shades.”

Kim’s indignation faded as she blushed . “Fair. I guess.”

“So, we good?” Monique crossed her arms beneath her breasts, pushing them up a little in the process.

“We are.” Kim agreed.

“Uh-huh. Ron?”

“I promise I’ll play by your rules.”

“Good.” Monique smiled. “You won’t regret it.”

“Booyah!” Ron grinned, his usual goofy nature showing through his ‘dom’ personality in his excitement. He blushed. “Sorry.”

“Don’t be.” Monique laughed. “This is gonna be awesome.”

Leaving Ron’s side, Kim took Monique’s hands. “And you’re sure you’re cool with this?” Sure, they’d literally just agreed to the ground rules, but she felt the need to triple check.

“Girl, I’m totally DTF. You look hot as hell. It was all I could to get through all that without just pouncing on you.”

“Oh.” Kim turned scarlet. “Thanks. I guess I didn’t realiz-”

Monique kissed her.

It was the first time in years somebody besides Ron had kissed her, and for a few moments that was all Kim could think about. Then her body kicked her brain out of the driver’s seat. Monique’s lips were softer than Ron, and tasted a little like strawberries. The kiss excited her even more than seeing her friend in her lingerie had. She’d never have admitted it, but she’d thought about kissing Monique before. And once or twice, about going a bit further than that. Parting her lips, she brushed her tongue along Monique’s, asking to be let in. Monique more than just that. Her mouth opened and her tongue met Kim’s, swirling around it with evident skill. This was only the fourth time Kim had kissed another woman, but it only reinforced her opinion that women were much better kissers. By the time Monique stepped back, Kim was breathing a little harder. “Wow.”

“You’re telling me.” Monique smiled, then looked over her shoulder. “Looks like somebody enjoyed the show.”

Her observation was a bit of an understatement. Watching his girlfriend make out with her best friend had brought everything that was happening home for Ron in a way going over the rules hadn’t. Up until that moment, he’d half believed this was a dream, that he’d passed out fucking Kim and that

everything since then had been his imagination playing tricks. Technically, that was still possible he guessed, but if it was, the dream had just stepped it up a notch. He hadn't bothered with underwear, and knew his erection had to be visible through his sweats. He felt his face starting to flush. "Y-yeah."

"Well, you gonna just stand there grinning like an idiot? Or you wanna get in on this?"

Right! Ron hurried forward, and immediately caught his foot on Monique's bag. He stumbled, arms flailing as he fell forward, and his hand landed directly atop Monique's left breast. Kim giggled. She couldn't help herself. It was just such a Ron way to cop a feel. For a moment, his clumsiness shattered his affected air of confident superiority. His face turned bright red and he opened his mouth to apologize. Monique didn't give him the chance. Capturing his lips with hers, she literally shoved her tongue into his mouth. As kisses went, it was clumsy as hell. As confidence boosts went though, it was perfect.

His rising shame evaporated, burned away by realization that he was kissing Monique, and that Kim not only knew, but approved. It might have been clumsy, but that kiss was just what he needed. His awkward grip on Mo's breast changed, fingers tightening, intention replacing instinct and she arched her back to let him get a better feel before pulling away. "A bit more, impactful, than I was expecting," she quipped, "but not bad."

"T-thanks," He stammered. "Sorry about the…" He gestured to the breast he'd just grabbed.

"Don't be." Monique stuck her chest out towards him. "Why don't you get a proper feel while Kim and I get a little closer."

She didn't wait for him to answer, pulling Kim back into another kiss before either of them could really respond. One of her hands ran up into Kim's hair, pulling her closer at the same time. As they made out, Ron took her up on her invitation, using both hands to cup and squeeze and grope, exploring her curves as much as the expensive bra would let him. He wasn't the only one. Kim's hand slid down Monique's side, fingers trembling a little in her excitement. Once Kim was fully invested, Monique broke the kiss, turning her head to press another kiss against Ron's lips and pulling Kim's head into the crook of her neck.

The rapid escalation had set them both on their backfoot, but with his hands full of tits, Monique's lips on his, and Kim's hip pressing into his own, Ron was starting to recover his balance. And with that recovery came a return of some of his confidence. Removing one hand from Monique's chest, he slid it around her waist, grabbing a handful of her ass and pulling her harder against him. She broke the kiss, laughing. "Well hello there."

"Hello the-?"' Then he felt his cock brush against her thigh again and he got it. He grinned. Mo pushed a finger down on his head through the sweats, making it bounce. "I'll play with you in a minute. But first," she pulled away from Ron, slipping around until Kim was between him and her, "I've been dying to get a taste of these."

Pushing Kim up against Ron's chest, she wrapped her lips around one of Kim's nipples, sucking the pink nub hard. Kim gasped. Monique was just as skilled here as she'd been kissing, and her tongue sent little ripples of sensation spiraling out into the rest of her body as she ran it around her areola. Mo's hands cupped both her breasts, pushing up and squeezing a little. Once she had the right nipple hard, she switched to the left, sucking it before biting gently. Kim writhed. With Mo in front of

her and Ron behind her, she was trapped. Ron's cock dug into her ass, head prodding her with each shift of her body. She wanted to reach for it, to take it and stroke it while Mo worked, but that would mean taking her fingers out of Mo's hair. Kim couldn't remember how they'd gotten there, but now that they were she found herself reluctant to remove them.

Ron shifted behind her, and she felt his breath on the back of her ear. "You're enjoying this. Enjoying your friend sucking your tits. I can tell by the way you're grinding against me. I bet you're soaked, aren't you?"

"Yes." Kim gasped. It wasn't entirely a fair question, between everything they'd done before Mo got here, the outfit Mo was wearing, and the way she'd kissed her, it would've been surprising if she wasn't turned on. But then, that hadn't really been the point of the question. The point had been getting her to admit she was. That admission sent a fresh flush of heat into her crotch. If she hadn't been soaked before he'd asked, she was now.

Nor had the question been for her benefit alone. Letting go of one breast, Monique ran a hand down between Kim's legs. The feel of those fingers brushing over places only she and Ron had been in years sent shivers through Kim. Those shivers grew stronger as the touch slid over her clit and stopped just outside her entrance. Mo pulled her mouth off the nipple she'd been sucking. "Damn, she is soaked. I'm flattered, Kim."

She moved her fingers up and down a few times, sliding them through the slick folds of Kim's pussy. Kim moaned, biting her own lip in mingled embarrassment and excitement. Ron must have sensed it. "Ask her to finger you."

His tone was gentle, but she knew an order when she heard one and her resolve stiffened a little in response. He was doing what she'd asked him to do. Least she could do was hold up her end. "F-f," she swallowed and tried again. "Finger me?"

Mo shot her look she couldn't quite decipher, looking first at Kim then past her to Ron. Something flickered in the back of her eyes, but she didn't say anything. Instead, she straightened, leaning in close, and kissed Kim at the same time she slid her fingers into her. Her body stiffened in immediate reaction, then relaxed, lips parting to allow Mo's tongue access and legs widening to let her fingers get deeper. Behind her, Ron pressed kisses into her neck, his hands running over her sides. Mo's fingers pushed deeper, tentative pace giving way to more and more confident strokes as she felt Kim's body responding to her. Each stroke sent fresh pleasure into Kim, rocking her to her core. Her fingers felt different from Ron's, more delicate, and also more precise. Getting fingered by Ron was more about power and raw enthusiasm than technique. Monique had the enthusiasm, she could feel that in the way her friend pressed up against her, and the way she kissed, but she was relying on a lot more technique than Ron did. She picked up on the little changes in Kim's reactions faster, shifting and tweaking her approach with each moan and shiver.

Pleasure swelled, growing and swirling until Kim felt like it was going to overwhelm her entirely. In the back of her head, she heard Ron's voice saying " *Make Kim cum, and you can boss her around too* ." Part of her was completely onboard with that plan. Surrendering herself entirely to their whims certainly had an appeal to it. A complete release of responsibility that would let her simply sink into the pleasure. But she was Kim Possible. Surrender wasn't part of her DNA. Ron had needed to earn that right. Monique was gonna need to earn it too. And it was gonna take more than a finger fucking to do that. Resolve welled up inside her, pushing back the intoxicating pressure of that pleasure and Kim found new energy filling her limbs.

Her hands, previously slack, flowed into sudden motion, fingers tightening in Monique’s hair, she pulled her back before letting go entirely. At the same time, her hips twisted away from those talented fingers, squirming out of her grip. Mo’s eyes met hers, and for a flash of a moment, she saw concern in them, then her friend saw her expression, and the frown became a smirk. “Not gonna make this easy on me?”

Kim smirked right back, breathing heavily. “I know you enjoy a challenge.”

“That I do. Let's level the playing field a bit.” Stepping back, Monique reached behind her back and undid the clasp of her bra. Moving deliberately, not taking her eyes off Kim, she shrugged one arm, then the other out of the straps before tossing the undergarment aside.

Ron whistled. “Wow, Monique! Those are… I mean you have… I mean, wow...”

Hearing the admiration in Ron’s voice sent a spike of jealousy through Kim. Her own tits were best described as cute, or maybe perky. Monique’s on the other hand were more suited to words like full, generous, heavy and voluptuous. Almost twice the size of Kim's, they retained enough lift and bounce that her nipples pointed almost directly at Kim’s face. Mo beamed. “I know, right? Aren’t they great?”
“Yeah.” Ron nodded vigorously. His hands itched to get a feel of them now that there was nothing in the way, and his cock pulsed against Kim’s back. He didn’t just grab for them though, something in the back of his head stopped him from doing something that reckless. Instead, he reached around Kim and squeezed hers, one in each hand, pulling her hard against his chest in the process and changing his stance a little. The shift in position brought her in line with his cock, and he prodded the plug through the fabric of his sweats. Kim gasped. “What goes around comes around, Kim. Why don’t you give Mo the same thing she gave you?”

He didn’t need to tell her twice. She might be a bit jealous of her friend’s size, but that jealousy was leavened by her own desire to feel them. She didn’t throw herself on Mo, but only just. Catching one of those dark, perky nipples between her teeth, she sucked, hard. The dark bud reacted almost instantly, stiffening and swelling the same way Ron’s cock did. She didn’t have much experience to draw on, so she tried to mimic what Monique had done, running her tongue around the areola while sucking. Not totally sure what to do with her hands, she tried bringing them into play as well. Monique's breasts squished delightfully beneath her fingers, contouring around them, resistance growing harder as she squeezed. Not wanting to hurt her friend, she backed off a little, only for Mo to utter a disappointed little mewl. Kim squeezed again and Monique moaned. That sound was like a shot of adrenaline to Kim’s system and she started to knead the supple mounds with even greater enthusiasm, reveling in the way they squished and moved under her fingers.

Jealousy gave way to excitement and she swapped her mouth to the other nipple so she could pinch and tease the one she’d already hardened. She might not be as skilled as Monique was, but given the way her friend was starting to gasp and moan, she was doing something right. In fact, she was doing it even better than she expected.

Raising her hands, Mo pushed Kim back. “Woah girl, slow down a bit. Keep that up and you’re gonna knock me on my ass.”

“Sorry,” Kim purred back in response, not feeling very sorry at all.

Monique snickered. “Sure you are. Look, why don’t we take this to the bedroom while we’re still moderately in control of ourselves?”
That. Made sense. Getting a grip on herself, Kim nodded. “Remember the way?”

Mo cocked an eyebrow and looked at the two doors off the living room. One led to the apartment’s half bath, the other to the single bedroom. “I think I can manage. Ron, be a dear and grab the bag alright?” Without waiting for an answer, she took Kim’s hand and tugged her towards the bedroom.

The bag, right. Ron had almost forgotten about Monique’s bag of goodies. Curiosity tugged at him, warring with his desire to immediately follow the ladies into the bedroom. Curiosity won out. Squatting, he unzipped the bag to reveal a wide range of vibrators, dildos, lube and more. Monqiue apparently believed in being prepared. Picking the bag up, still pawing through the assorted goodies, Ron headed for the bedroom.

The girls had already settled themselves on the bed, Kim lying on her back, Monique leaning over her as she kissed her way down Kim’s belly towards her crotch. The position had Mo’s hips pointed towards him, and he stopped in the doorway to admire the view for a moment. Her panties clung to her pussy perfectly, hinting at the shape beneath without going so far as to camel-toe. It gave him an idea. Putting the bag down on the dresser, he plucked what he needed out of it, made sure he knew how it worked, then crossed the couple of steps to the bed.

Monqiue’s breath was hot against Kim’s clit, promising imminent contact when a quiet buzzing filled the room. A moment later that deliberate breath became a surprised gasp. Opening her eyes, Kim looked down her own body to find Monique’s go through a series of expressions, starting with surprise and ending on abject pleasure. Ron loomed behind her, one hand on her hip, the other holding the vibrator he’d taken from her bag against her clit.

“Damn, Ron, give a girl a little warning. Move it to the left a - Mmmm… perfect.” Eyes glittering, Mo let out a totally shameless moan before returning her attention to Kim.

Ron tried his best, and Kim would be the first to say his oral was steadily getting better, but he had nothing on Mo. She started with kisses, working her way in from the outside in a spiral that terminated directly atop Kim’s clit. Her breath caught in her chest, a variation of what had happened on her nipples playing out between her legs with exponentially greater results. Pleasure rolled through her in a wave that left her body tingling in its wake. Another hit. And another, each one leaving her more sensitive than the last, building together towards the kind of climax Kim knew would only leave her hungry for more. She wanted that release, wanted it so badly she was willing to let Mo claim the win to have it. Her eyes fluttered closed, reaching to pull Mo harder against her in a final act before her surrender… And Mo came.

The pressure of her tongue vanished as she pulled away from Kim, driven over the edge by the buzzing against her clit. Her protracted moan fluttered across Kim’s excited pussy; tantalizingly warm but agonizingly insufficient to finish the job that had been so close to completion.

That sudden moment of reprieve was enough for Kim’s natural competitiveness to reassert itself. Instead of pulling Mo back to her, the hand that had been reaching for her slid into her hair, pulling back and away, forcing her up enough that Kim was able to squirm out from under her. Mo opened her mouth to protest, but Kim intercepted it with a kiss.

“That was incredible.” She said, forehead resting against Mo’s. A shift in light behind Mo told her

Ron was climbing onto the bed, and she added, “but I don’t get to cum unless sir says I can.”

Ron blinked, caught with a knee and a hand up on the mattress. He looked at Kim. She looked at him. “R-right.” He slipped back into dom voice. Reversing direction, he slid back off the bed. “If Kim wants to cum, she has to earn it.”
“Changing up the rules on me already?” Mo smirked, looking from one to the other. “First it’s I have to get Kim to cum, now Kim’s not allowed to cum without your say so?”

Ron opened his mouth to backpedal, but Kim beat him to it, purring. “That’s right. Master has needs too.”

That word hit him like a lightning bolt again, and his retraction died unspoken.

For a moment it looked like Monique was gonna argue the point, then her smirk turned sultry. “Alright, hope she’s allowed to get a little help though, because I’m not sitting this out.”

Before either could come up with a response, Mo’d taken the waistband of Ron’s sweats in both hands and tugged them down around his knees. His cock, freed from its fabric prison, sprang up to full mast inches from Monique’s face. “Damn, Ron. Not bad.”

He tried mimicking her earlier tone. “You know it.”

Kim slid down the bed to join her friend at the foot, pulling her legs up beneath her and leaning off the edge of the bed to plant a kiss on Ron’s head. It still tasted a little like her cum. The taste sent another flush through her as it reminded her how tonight had started. Opening her mouth, she took him a little deeper, cleaning him off before pulling back.

Taking a grip just beneath his head, she offered it to Mo. Her friend smiled, locked eyes with her, and sensuously wrapped her lips around the offered head. Before that night, if somebody’d told her that watching her best friend suck her boyfriend’s cock would be one of the hottest things she’d ever seen, Kim would’ve called them an idiot. Now, watching exactly that, any progress she’d made reclaiming her self control evaporated in an instant, leaving her on the ragged edge of climax without so much as a touch.

Before that night, if anybody had told Ron that watching Monique suck his dick would almost be enough to get KP off, he’d have demanded to know how they knew and for them to tell him how to make it happen. Tonight had already skipped so far past what he’d ever even dreamed was possible that it was looping back around to believable. Mo’s mouth felt incredible, almost as good as Kim’s, and she took her time with that first exaggerated kiss, sucking hard and running her tongue all along his head before pulling back. His entire body quivered with barely restrained excitement. He wanted to scream. To cheer. To throw his hands up to the sky and thank every god in existence for what was happening. Instead, he bottled all that energy up, pushing it down and hiding it behind the most smugly confident smile he could manage. He had a role to play.

Kim caught Ron’s goofy grin as Mo passed his cock back to her, and that grin sent a different kind of heat rolling through her, a comfortable, relaxed heat that grounded the wildness of what they were doing in something familiar. Smiling to herself, she let herself slip deeper into her submissive role and asked. “Does it feel good, sir? Do you like having two sluts sucking your big cock?”
Did he like it? DID HE LIKE IT? It took every ounce of his willpower not to blurt out something idiotically enthusiastic. Instead, he restrained himself to a simple. “It does.”

“I’m glad!” Kim kissed his head again, ignoring Mo’s quirked eyebrow and smirk. The kiss became a lick, became a suck, became a sloppy make out with one entire side of his dick.

Getting over the momentary shock of seeing Kim Possible in the submissive role, Mo pressed her lips against her side of his cock, mirroring Kim’s movements. For a moment, watching Kim and Mo make out with his cock was almost enough to make Ron pop right there on the spot. Leaning back, eyes half closing, he let himself luxuriate the sensation, little growls and groans bubbling up from his throat every time they changed the pace or positioning. Just as the pleasure started to plateau, Kim upped her efforts, working her way back to his head and taking him fully into her mouth, going half way down his length in a half dozen bobbing strokes before pulling back and letting Mo take a turn.

Back and forth his dick went, traded a handful of times before he felt Kim push herself down the base, gagging a little as she took all of him. Ron groaned loudly, his eyes snapping open as the sensation hit him. Looking down towards Kim, something caught his attention. While Kim was leaning forward, nose pressed into his pubes, Mo had leaned back, her own hand moving behind Kim. Her eyes met Ron’s, and she lifted an eyebrow inquisitively. He smiled and nodded.

All her focus on Ron’s cock, Kim had no warning at all before Monique’s fingers plunged back inside her. She gagged, spluttering and choking as surprise spoiled her concentration. She started to pull back, but Ron’s hand landed on her head, holding her in place, keeping her on his cock for a full four count before letting her up. Coughing, she dragged her mouth off her cock, leaving behind a coating of spit and drool thick enough to begin dripping onto the floor. His hand caught her chin before she could turn to look at Mo, pulling her face up to look at him instead. “Such a good, slut.” Ron smiled, goofy grin replaced by a confident smile, “you can cum.”

“Wha..?” Still a little dazed by the sudden shift in sensations, it took a second for his words to register.”

“You may cum.” He repeated. “You’ve earned it.”

The words got through that time. Kim’s body reacted almost faster than her mind had. The pleasure she’d been holding back by a mixture of stubbornness and her focus on getting Ron off hit her all at once, driven home on the point of Monique’s fingers as they crashed back into her cunt.

A rolling moan spilled from suddenly parted lips, her entire body tensing for a heartbeat before releasing in a quivering shock of sensation. Her eyes went fuzzy, her breath caught, and fresh heat pulsed through her. She’d been right earlier. This wasn’t the kind of climax that left her content and done. It was the kind that demanded another. A dozen tiny fires sprang to life beneath her skin, and her heart rate accelerated. Her next breath came in rugged and raw, and decidedly more hungry. Still holding her chin, Ron leaned down to kiss lips flushed from her efforts on his cock. It was hot, and intense, and over far too soon.

No longer had his lips left hers though, did a fresh set replace them. Monique’s lips were just as hungry as hers were, the same leashed energy buzzing beneath her skin that quivered inside Kim.

“Fuck you’re hot when you cum.” Monique breathed, pulling back. Her lips spread in a wicked smile as she saw the implications of what she’d said hit home for Kim. “That’s right, Kim. You came.” Fires smoldered in her eyes. “Now, eat my cunt. Slut.”

Kim’s eyes flicked up to Ron’s. Now that the moment was here, she found herself hesitating.

He nodded slowly. “You heard her. Slut. Eat that cunt.”

The order sent shivers down Kim’s back and she scooched further up on the bed. Monique rolled over onto her back, positioning her head beneath Ron’s balls and spread her legs to give Kim access. “Don’t worry about Ron. I’ll take good care of him. Come on Ron, fuck my tits while you watch Kim eat me.”

Looking up from Monique’s crotch, Kim watched Ron’s cock slap down squarely between Mo’s tits. His eyes weren’t on them though, they were on Kim, and she blushed as she peeled Mo’s panties away to reveal the dark folds beneath. Her friend was a mess, dark lips glistening with anticipation thickly enough that it clung to her panties as Kim pulled them down. Mo’s pussy lips were more pronounced than Kim’s were, and she parted them with tentative fingers as she pursed her lips to kiss. She’d never eaten pussy before, and despite having received plenty of times, she wasn’t entirely sure where to start.

Screw it. In for a penny. Spreading the lips a little wider, she placed a kiss directly atop the vaginal opening. The shock of flavor she got took her completely by surprise. She’d tasted herself on Ron plenty of times. Even on her own fingers a few times, but tasting it directly from the source was an entirely new experience. Tentatively, she ran her tongue through the clingy mess.

"Mmm, that's it,” Monique moaned, “sucking your boyfriend's cock made me wet. Time for you to make me cum."

The words gave Kim the confidence to push on, plunging her tongue into her friend. Monique’s next moan bubbled against Ron’s nuts, making him gasp as she ran her tongue over the sensitive sack. With her head off the edge of the bed so he could get his cock between her tits, his nuts had been at the perfect height for her to work on. Holding her own tits together around his cock, she let him do the thrusting, giving him free license to set the pace. It was even better than Ron’d expected. Tit fucks from Kim were always enthusiastic, but limited in their effectiveness, more about her mouth and rubbing his cock against her sternum than her tits. With Monique though, almost his entire cock was wrapped in her soft, pillowy tits, tits that bounced and shook and stroked his cock in a way he hadn’t felt before now. It was a wholly new kind of pleasure, and he took a few moments experimenting with different paces and angles. He’d have taken longer, but each new stroke seemed to come faster than the last, his body reacting to the pressure bubbling behind his head, pressure that had been started by the blow job and was quickly becoming a roiling boil of heat and need. Biting his lower lip, he went even faster, his hands falling atop Mo’s, squeezing his cock even harder in an instinctive need for more.

“Cu-” Was all the warning Ron had time to give before the pressure burst. The first two shots burst from his head, smearing cream across Monqiue’s tits before either of them could get their hands clear to release them. They managed it in time for the third shot though. It arched free and clear, catching Kim across the forehead as she looked up in response to Ron's attempted warning. The fourth caught her on the cheek. “-ming.” He finished uncessesiarily.
Mo released Ron’s balls from her suckling lips; pushing her tits back together, she rubbed them against his base, spreading the cum around a bit before remarking; “Impressive.”

“He is!” Kim agreed, a flush of pride in her boyfriend coaxing her to add. “That’s his third of the night.”

Mo ran her tongue around Ron's balls, words slightly muffled as she indulged herself. “I hope he’s got another couple more in here then. I love a guy who cums a lot.”
“Mo!” Despite everything, the admission drew the scandalized exclamation from Kim.

“Well I do!” There was no shame at all in the statement. “I love feeling a hot load running down my tits or face, and I really like it on my ass.Whaddya think Ron? Got another load in here for me?”

“As many as you can handle.” He smirked, then added a little less smugly, “right after I recharge for a minute.”

“Love it.” Monqiue purred; rolling the words, and his balls, around her mouth. “Kim," her tone snapped from sexy to schoolmistress in a single word. "I don’t remember telling you to stop. I haven’t cum yet.”

Kim flushed, part of her bristling at the rebuke. That part was what led her duck back in and shove her tongue as deep as it would go without bothering to clean the cum from her cheek or forehead. It smeared across Mo’s thighs and pelvis, and it gave Kim an idea. Pulling her tongue back out, she rubbed her cheek against Mo’s slit, mixing Ron’s cum with the juices leaking out of her friend before diving right back in. The cum added a salty element to Mo’s tartness, and she shivered. It worked really well together. Mo must have agreed. Her legs came together around Kim’s head, back arching a little as she moaned. “OH you dirty slut! That feels - FUCK! LIKE THAT! KEEP IT DEEP LIKE THAT!”

Kim did, smothered between Mo’s legs and totally lost in her task, she pushed her tongue as deep as it would go, nose rubbing against slick folds and mouth full of the taste of her boyfriend and best friend. A wild, heady feeling drove her on, narrowing her focus to just this. She might not be experienced, but passion could make up for a lot, and she was boiling over with it by now. A three count later, her efforts were rewarded with a protracted moan and a shudder she felt in the legs on either side of her head. The taste of Mo’s quim redoubled, overpowering Ron’s cum and filling her mouth. Kim kept up her efforts until the shuddering passed, Mo’s legs sagging away from her head and hips back down to the bed. “W-wow, Kim, that was… wow. Not bad for a first time.”

Sitting up, Kim wiped the back of her hand across her lips, cleaning some of the mixed mess from them. “Thank you,” she smiled slyly, “ma’am.”

“Oh, I like that.” Mo leaned her head out from under Ron’s balls to look up at him. “Hey, why don’t you get up on the bed and let Kim and I give you a show while you recharge?”

“You mean more of a show?” A little reluctantly he pulled his mostly soft cock from between Mo’s tits and climbed up onto the bed. Kim made room for him, and he stopped to kiss her. Kim melted into his touch, her familiar taste mixed with the exotic touch of somebody else’s cum on her lips. He liked it. Slipping a hand into her hair, he pulled her head back a little so he could look into her eyes as he added. “Sure, I’d love to see you playing some more with my slut.”

Kim shivered. “If it would make you happy, sir.”

He kissed her again. “It would.”

“You two are precious.” Mo said, squirming off the bed. “Kim, keep your man busy for a sec, I need

to grab something."
She stepped out of the room, the door closing behind her, and Ron pulled Kim into a quick hug. "Fuck Kim, this is so hot. Thank you. Are you still okay with it? Should we-?"

Kim kissed him before he could finish the question. "I am. It's wild, and fun, and hot, and a little scary."

His goofy grin returned. "So like a mission?"

"Exactly." She kissed the side of his head. "Now call me a slut and finger fuck me. I wanna ride this high as long as I c-AN!"

Her voice cracked as he slid two fingers inside her with a suddenness that caught her off guard. Tightening his grip on her hair he tugged hard enough to hurt a little. "Making demands now, slut? Somebody forgetting her place?" Releasing her hair, he swatted her ass, fingers still knuckle deep in her cunt. "Maybe I should cuff you to the foot of the bed so all you can do is watch? No more playing for Kimmie. Only good sluts get to play." He pressed his thumb against her clit, adding yet another source of sudden stimulation. "Imagine it. You sitting there, unable to touch yourself as I fuck Mo on our bed. Just watching. Is that what you want?"

The shift back to dom Ron was exactly the hit of the wild energy she'd craved. She arched her back in response to his tug, spreading her legs to give his fingers greater access and her voice went soft as she gasped. "No sir. I'll be good, sir. I'm a good slut."
"Glad to hear it." That came from the door, and they both looked back to find Mo leaning against the frame, bouncing the thing she'd gone to get lightly off the palm of one hand.

Ron eyed the mini bat. "Back to thinking we're mind controlled?"

Mo pushed off the frame, plucking her goody bag off the dresser as she returned to the bed. "Nope. This is a multi-purpose bat. Watch." dropping the bag on the end of the bed, she rummaged around inside it for a moment before pulling out a box of condoms and a bottle of lube. With their eyes on her, she opened one of the condoms, rolled it down over the head before upending the bottle and giving it a generous coating of lube. "See?"

"I like it."

"So do I." Mo winked. "Now make room." Scooching up to the head of the bed, Ron settled in to watch as Mo guided Kim onto her back; instructing her to hold her own legs apart whilst she herself settled the head of the bat against her dripping-wet entrance. "Ready?"

Kim nodded and Mo gently pushed the bat inside. She started slow, giving Kim a couple of strokes to begin to get used to it before picking up the pace. When she did though, she picked it up fast, pushing and twisting the bat with one hand while her other reached up to fondle and squeeze Kim's tits. Kim gasped, unused to something that rigid filling her. It had none of the give or squish of silicone or the real thing, and the new sensation caught her off guard. Which didn't mean it was bad. The steady strokes, the twisting of the head inside the condom, it felt different, but also good. Her breath came faster, her body starting to move in response to Mo's strokes, hips shifting to find just the right angle. Mo smirked. "You like that? Of course you do. Moan for me. Tell me you like it."

"I like it." Kim gasped, pleasure already starting to crew away at her voice. "Fuck, I really like it."

“Yeah you do.” Mo growled back; slapping one of Kim's bouncing breasts. “Fuck you’re hot, Kim.”

“You t-too.” Her breaths were coming faster now, breaking up her words. Craning her head back, she looked at Ron. “T-thank you for making me c-call her. I didn’t know h-how much I wanted to f-fuuuck -” Climax cut off the last of her sentence and her body at the sudden release. Mo didn’t let up with the bat, extending the climax and it took Kim a few extra moments to find her voice again. She skipped to the highlights. “Thank you.”

Cock in hand, Ron smiled back. “You’re welcome.”

Mo eyed his cock. It was hardening back up nicely. “Is that how you thank your master, slut?” She gave the bat one last thrust and twist then pulled it out. “Go give him a proper thank you.”
Moving a little shakily, Kim rolled over and crawled her way up to Ron, nuzzling her face right up against his cock. Her hand brushed his aside, and she took over stroking him.
“Thank you, sir.” She kissed the place where his balls met his shaft.

Mo’d followed her up the bed. Placing one hand on the back of Kim’s head, she put the other on Ron’s chest as she leaned down to kiss him before pulling away with a wink. “Thank him for what, slut? What did he do?”

“He bought me a pretty new outfit.” Kim kissed a little higher on his shaft.

“What else?” Mo’s fingers slid into her hair.

“He let me suck his big dick.”

“Anything else?”

Kim kissed his head, looking up at Mo past it. “He made me want to cum so bad I invited my best friend over to fuck just so he’d let me.”
Mo shivered a little herself, but her tone stayed the same. “And?”

Kim felt the way this show was affecting Ron’s cock, he was as hard now as she’d ever felt him. She played her last card. “He let me cum. Fuck, Mo, I came so fucking hard. I loved it. I love it! I think I can still feel it.”

This time it was Ron’s voice that answered her. “And you deserved it. Good sluts get to cum, Kim. And you’re the fucking best.”

His words sent a fresh flush of pleasure through Kim, a wild rush of acceptance for everything tonight had brought on and everything it still had to offer. Pulling her legs up to her chest, she broke character long enough to grab his face in both hands and press a fierce kiss into his lips. His hands caught her by the ass and her impromptu kiss turned into a yelp as he lifted her bodily onto his lap. Even now she sometimes forgot how strong he’d gotten following her around. Her yelp became a moan as his cock brushed her pussy, length splitting her lips, grinding against her clit. Moving his mouth next to her ear he whispered. “Do you want it?”

She nodded, voice momentarily abandoning her. A hand grabbed his base, dragging his cock out from between them and guiding his head to her entrance. It couldn’t be his hand, those were both

still on her ass. It had be Mo's. Turning her head, she saw her friend smiling next to her. She was about to say something when Ron let her slip a few inches, and his cock pushed smoothly into her pussy. Kim's breath caught, the world fuzzing out for a moment as she felt him inside her. For that moment, the feel of his cock pushing against her walls was the only thing in the universe. He started to move, using his hands to hold her up, controlling his depth with a deftness she'd not have believed him capable of before now. He was really bringing his A game tonight. Wrapping her arms around his shoulders, she let herself get lost in the moment, hanging off him as he stroked her up and down his shaft. She didn't even realize she was close to cumming until climax was already bursting over her, pleasure and pressure rolling through her entire body, leaving her gasping in its wake.
"Good girl." He whispered, the side of his head pressed against the side of hers. "You earned that." He lowered her until his entire cock was inside her. "But now it's your turn."

Obediently, Kim started to move, bouncing her hips along his length. His hands stayed on her ass, kneading and playing with it as she increased her pace, using the lingering after effects of the climax to shape her rhythm. His cock was pulsing pressure inside her, seemingly harder and longer than it'd ever been before. She knew that was ridiculous, but it still felt true. Pushing herself off his chest, she gained a little more freedom of movement. Her hips rose and fell faster and faster, rolling and twisting a little in instinctive shifts that let her feel every inch of him as he rubbed against her walls. She was so focused on that sensation that she completely missed Mo shifting around beside her. Something cold ran down her ass; a cool, slithering sensation that started to warm almost immediately.
Before she could ask what it was, a new pressure joined the churning bliss of Ron's cock inside her. Something tugged at her ass, teasing the sensitive hole and Kim realized Mo had started playing with the plug. The cold had been lube. Her ass stretched, spreading around the head as Mo pulled it partially out, letting Kim's own rolling hips shift it around. Kim moaned, the new sensation building on the existing pressure of Ron's cock, mixing with it in a way she'd only felt a few times before. It stoked the fire inside her even higher, and she knew she needed more. She needed it deep and hard and right now.

With a twist and roll that was second nature to a woman who'd been fighting since she was 12, Kim slipped Ron's grip and rolled off his lap. The roll also pulled her away from Mo, leaving her surprised fiend holding the plug she'd unexpectedly pulled from Kim's ass. Flat on her back, she pulled her knees up to her chest, used her hands to stretch her cheeks apart and adopted the neediest, sluttiest tone she could. "Fuck my ass, Ron. Pleeease, my slutty butt needs that big dick soo bad!"

Ron blinked. He should probably have chastised Kim for acting without his permission or something, but the part of that would have done that was too busy screaming at him to do what she asked to come up with anything suitably "dommy". He barely had enough brainpower left to reach for the condoms Monique had left on the bed after she'd prepped the bat. She saw what he was doing and beat him to them, passing them over and helping him get one open without tearing it in his haste. Grabbing his base, she ducked her head to give him a good two seconds of sucking before letting him roll the rubber down his shaft. Squirting a generous helping of lube on the head she gave him a couple strokes to get it spread out before guiding him to Kim's waiting hole.

The last time they'd done this, Ron had cum in less than a minute. He was determined to do better this time. Hooking his hands inside Kim's knees, he spread her legs a little further, pushing them back to give himself as much room to work with as he could, then thrust. Kim's moan as his cock slid into her ass was euphoric. Letting go of her own ass, she flung her hands out to the sides, fingers scrabbling at the blankets as she took all of him in a single stroke. Given everything going on, there was no way Ron'd been able to keep himself from going hard immediately. Two more strokes and

her hands flew off blankets, clamping down over her own mouth to stifle a genuine scream. Compared to the teasing pressure of the plug, this was an avalanche. His body hammered hers, all of him bearing down on her and Kim realized she might possibly have bitten off more than she could chew. Every time they'd done anal before it had been controlled and slow. This was neither of those. Moving her hands and lifting her head she opened her mouth to ask him to slow down, and spotted Monique. Her friend had one hand between her own legs, clearly fingering herself as she watched Ron with an expression somewhere between surprise and admiration. Seeing her gave Kim an idea.

Mo caught Kim looking at her out of the corner of her eye and flashed her a smile. "Damn Kim, your boy can really fuck."

"E-eat me." Kim growled.

"What?"

"Eat. My. Pussy."

"Oh." Scrambling around on the bed, she climbed atop Kim straddling her face. "Only if you return the fav-"

She hadn't finished before Kim shoved her tongue between her lips. It wasn't that Kim needed Ron to slow down, it was that she needed something else to split her focus. She threw herself into eating Mo out. She might not have a lot of experience, but she had a fire raging inside her, a fire that demanded an outlet of some sort lest it consume her entirely. This had all started because she'd been bored in her sex life, tired of the same old same old. Well, this was certainly new, and as Ron's cock pounded her ass and Monique's pussy filled her mouth, Kim found that she loved this energy. It was a different energy than letting Ron dominate her, a wilder, even less controlled energy, and she loved it. Monique hadn't expected Kim's ferocity and for a moment all she could do was gasp. That moment faded though and she threw herself into eating Kim just as energetically, twisting her head a bit to the side to find room between her friend and Ron's churning hips.

With Mo now between him and Kim, Ron had to back off a bit, and he switched from the heavy pounding to slower, deeper strokes that let them both feel every inch. If he'd tried this earlier in the night, he'd have cum by now, determination or no determination. After already getting off a few times it might take him longer to recharge, but his endurance had increased almost at the same rate. That improved endurance was all that kept him from cumming before Kim did.

"T-too much!" Kim gasped, pulling her mouth of Mo's cunt to suck in air as her body spasmed harder than it had all night. "F-f-fucking cumming! Fuuuuuck!" Her entire body felt like it was onfire, shaking and rocking in the grip of one of the most intense climaxes of her life. It felt like it lasted hours and moments at the same time, hammering at her from every angle and leaving her gasping in its wake. "S-stop! M-moment... Need a moment."

Ron pulled back immediately, fighting past his body's need to finish itself off with an internal snarl. His cock left Kim's ass with a quiet pop, leaving the hole twitching and flexing as it tried to account for the sudden change. "Kim! Are you..?"

"I'm good." She breathed, still shuddering a little beneath Monique. "S-sooo good. Just need a sec."
"If you need a break…" Mo purred, licking a little sweat from Ron's abs. "Mind if I take him for a

spin?”
“Go for it…” Kim’s voice was dreamy.
Mo beamed up at Ron. “You heard her, big guy. Rebag and show me what you’ve got.”

While Ron swapped condoms, Mo poured lube on her own fingers, using them to warm herself up. Once they were both ready, she turned around on the bed, still straddling Kim and offered her ass up to him. “Start slow, alright? I haven’t had a plug up there all night like Kim has.”

“Whatever you want.” Ron couldn’t believe he was about to fuck Mo’s ass. Even after she’d brought the possibility up, he hadn’t really expected to actually get the chance tonight. He’d been checking her ass out for years after all, after that long, getting to actually do something with it felt a little unreal. Then Kim reached around Mo’s hips to spread her friend’s cheeks for him. “Do it, Ron, show her what you can do.”

That did it. Placing his head against the puckered hole he took a deep breath and took the plunge. He could immediately feel the difference between her and Kim. Kim’s ass had been tight, but she’d also been warmed up, stretching around him easily as he pushed inside. Mo’s ass was tight, almost impossibly tight, and he found himself gasping before he was even a quarter of the way in. He wasn’t the only one. Mo’s breath caught as he reversed direction, a sharp inhale that almost made him stop. “Are you…?”

“Loving it.” Mo answered. “Keep going.”

He resumed his slow strokes, easing both of them into it. When he met another bit of extra resistance he withdrew, added a bit more lube and went back in. It worked, and Mo moaned again as he gave her half his length, then three quarters, and finally all of himself. Her breath was coming faster now, and she’d started to move with him, hips rolling back to meet his thrusts. He increased his pace, and she matched him. Kims fingers stood out brightly against her dark skin, and the sight of them still pulling the cheeks apart lit fires in Ron he hadn’t known could be lit. He went faster, bearing down on Mo now, and she shuddered beneath him. That shudder drove him on. For so much of his life, he’d been the butt of people’s jokes, the loser, the weirdo. He’d managed to put most of that behind himself since high school. After all, he’d grown a lot since then. And he had Kim, the girl of his dreams. Compared to that, who cared what anybody else thought?

Only, he did care. He’d always cared. And while he was in a good place now, that didn’t mean he couldn’t use the occasional ego boost anyways, and feeling Monique shudder beneath him while his incredible girlfriend held her ass open was one hell of an ego boost. It was like somebody had pumped nitro into his system, sending a spike of pure energy through his entire body, leaving every bit of him tingling and buzzing. Grabbing Mo’s hips, he slammed himself to the hilt, totally giving in to that energy and feeling her respond to it too. Her back arched and her moan echoed off the walls of their small bedroom with the same euphoric tone Kim’s had. Taking a hand off her hip he grabbed her hair, delivering a half dozen more thrusts. Just as hard. Just as fast. Mo came apart under them, bucking hard beneath him.

“Fuck! Ron! That’s - don’t fucking - don’t - fuck fuck fuck. FUCK!” If he hadn’t had his hand in her hair, she’d have collapsed atop Kim as the bucking gave way to a shuddering climax, her arms twitching and hips spasming as it slammed through her. He couldn’t see her expression, but Kim could and the ecstasy twisting her friend’s face sent ghostly ripples of that same pleasure through her as well.

All good things came to an end though, and Ron's improved endurance broke a moment later. His cock twitched, pulsing as cum gushed from it to fill the condom enough that his next thrust actually squished some out over his balls. He let go of Mo's hair, slumping backwards as the energy that had fueled that final burst of speed and intensity faded. His breath came in ragged gasps and his entire body felt suddenly heavy. He wasn't the only one. On the bed before him, Monqiue also collapsed, sprawling atop Kim bonelessly as the aftershocks of climax worked their way through her system. Kim took her face in both hands, kissing her forehead then her lips. "That was so fucking hot."

Mo blinked back at her then kissed her back. "You're telling me." She took a shaky breath, then another. "I didn't know he had that in him."

Kim grinned. "Ron's full of surprises."
Mo wiggled her ass and a little lube rolled out of it. "I can see that." She shuddered again and looked over her shoulder at him. "How many more you got?"

Forcing a confident smile past his exhaustion, he tugged the spent rubber off his cock. He didn't know how much longer he could keep this up, but he was determined to do his best. "As many as you can handle."